

C-Bo f/ Tuna Bug "Ain't No Sunshine"

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Boy ya can't fuck with this, You bust caps at my Regal
and ya missed Boy ya can't fuck with this, You bust
caps at my Regal and ya missed Boy ya can't fuck with
this, You bust caps at my Regal and ya missed [Verse
1] Boy ya can't fuck with this, Ya bust caps at my Regal
now you're done-diddy-done-diddy-done And nothing
can save ya Creepin' through your city it's the garden
block gator And I got hemmed up by the feds because
of snitches Shoot up your whole block with the fully's
hittin' switches Since I was new to the city Ya thought
bustin' caps was gonna scare a G off like a kitty? Hell
nah I refuse to loose respect, break necks To get mines
big niggas get checked And it don't matter who ya are
Cause once you're dead and gone, Ifacin' up at stars It
Aint No Sunshine Chorus (X2) Ain't no sunshine, Ain't no
sunshine Ain't no sunshine, when ya gone [Verse 2] I
keep my mind on survivin', one in the chamber My
pistol when I'm ridin' One-times want me dead, the
judge wants me strapless Praying that I'm next to get
stuck up on a jack-list They got me guilty until proven
innocent Cracked my juvenile files, want me washed up
the Nile So-called homies turned on me, and tattled
Had me rattled when I heard the feds was in Seattle
Punk bitch snitches die suckin' on a dick Wrapped in
plastic, floating with they throats slit Straight razor ear-
to-ear nosey ones get stitch scars Watch the homies hit
that ass cause on the yard It Ain't No Sunshine Chorus
(X2) Ain't no sunshine, Ain't no sunshine Ain't no
sunshine, when ya gone [Verse 3] See, some think
their bad cause they bigger Sucka-ass nigga caught a
slug in the liver Layin' on the concrete bleedin out the
kidney Fuckin with a young G, got buck quickly
Dropped the gat in his drawers, gave up his set Spit a
loogie on his chest showing no regret A murder-man,
killa, mad at the world Natural born, jackin bitches for
diamonds and pearls Come bangin' on my door, 15's
stacked I answered with the Mac cause im sittin' on Yac
See I'm a G from the hood the BG's idol I front them
caine on the spot cause money is survival He says
whatsup big homie, give a nigga daps And put that
(???) under the door as I gets the sack I'm on my toes

so be hold on that bergalin' Cause ain't no sunshine for
murder-men [Verse 4: Tuna Bug] It's the loc dog
psycho, so go for your gun Cause Im'a go for mine and
be a nigga on the run So that shotgun splatters, eatin'
up yo shit The loom-loon-loom got your windshield in
your face, bitch You can't fuck with a criminal I fill your
shit with holes then send your ass to your funeral Then
who knows, the getaway scheme Back three's through
the G to my house in the tree I'm livin low, but most of
it's high Cotton mouth the most I think I'll blame it on
the buddah thai And that's why, I live off the gat Why
throw it away? with or without it they gon' watch my ass
Cause it's my first strike so a nigga go for blood So
when it's on, it's me or the fuzz I'm stuck in the slum
and bound to get mine With one life to live, it Ain't No
Sunshine Chorus

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